



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

FROM
**THE BUSINESS
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY INC**



THE GIFT OF
**The Heirs of
George C. Dempsey**

830.103



This material is fragile.

PLEASE DO NOT PHOTOCOPY

microform of this book is available

LL NO. Film A 591104

Conservation by the

AARON AND CLARA GREENHUT RABINOWITZ FUND
established by the Tudor Foundation, Inc.

AN
ADDRESS,

DELIVERED AT

NORTH-YARMOUTH, APRIL 28, 1830,

BEFORE THE

CUMBERLAND CO. TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

—
BY SOLOMOM ADAMS,
Cor. Sec. of the Society.
—

—
SECOND EDITION.
—

—
PORTLAND:
—

SHIRLEY, HYDE AND COMPANY.
—

1830.

Soc 449 2.830.103

**HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM THE HEIRS OF
GEORGE C. DEMPSEY**

**BHS
Gift of
The Heirs of
George C. Dempsey**

ADDRESS.

Our country has often been represented as moving on without impediment to unparalleled greatness and glory. Nature has spread before her population an inviting and quickly occupied field for enterprize. Every thirty years is doubling our population, and our cultivated territory. Our growing navy rides in triumph on the ocean, our merchant ships traverse every sea, and spread the banner of stripes and stars in every port of the world. Our forms of government have furnished a model for a whole continent, our power is feared, and our character known and respected, every where. We are the cradle of liberty, arts and science. The world looks on with interest, legitimate governments are jealous of our influence, they court our favor, and quail before the swelling tide of our prosperity.

Such, and more, has been the language of those, who have based our durability and greatness as a nation on the slippery foundations alone of wealth, and rapid increase, and successful military achievements. Imagination has thrown a broad stream of strong light far along the pathway of our destinies, and left no spots for shade. Fancy, in painting the future, loves to combine in the picture the beautiful and the grand. But the occasion to night calls us to a different task. It is not safe to be so dazzled with the splendid circumstances of our condition, as to be blind to its dangers. And who can be so blind as not to see, that those elements of national greatness, which have commanded so much admiration, if not controlled and directed by virtuous principle, are the materials, not of our preservation, but of our destruction? Our theory indeed on this subject has always been correct. The maxim is on every body's tongue, that knowl-

edge and virtue are the only safe-guards of a republican government, while all the time have been at work causes, which were sapping the very foundations of virtue, and accelerating a nation, on which the last hope of liberty is suspended, to the precipice of her ruin.—There has been growing up a single evil among us, slowly, and secretly, and surely, till it has acquired such gigantic magnitude, that our nation groans beneath its weight.

No single cause has done so much to diminish the amount of happiness, and swell the sum of misery and crime in our land; as the use of ardent spirits. And if the next fifty years is to witness an increase of the evil as rapid as that of the last fifty,—then shall be written on our country's ruins "her glory is departed."

Wealth cannot preserve us. It may bring us every convenience, and beauty, and luxury, that the world can produce, but it cannot save us. The power of our arms cannot preserve us. It may carry terror to every foreign enemy, and repel every foreign invader, but it cannot uphold the fabric of our republic, when its foundations are demolished; when virtue, the rock on which it is built, is taken away. If you would calculate the probability of our national perpetuity, you must enter the private dwelling, and take the gauge of domestic virtue, you must study individual character,—you must learn its virtues and its vices. He who will go from dwelling to dwelling through some portion of our land, which may be taken as a fair specimen of the rest, will be apt to conclude, that we have been so dazzled by the more imposing features of character, which our nation exhibits in the aggregate, that we have forgotten to cultivate those less imposing qualities of the mind and heart, which only can give real value and permanency to every thing else, which we desire to retain. Could you read on every grave which has closed over its victim the last year, the cause of his death, on 30,000 you would read *intemperance!* could you go through the land, and take a census of inebriates, the catalogue would swell to 300,000. Could you discriminate among the various causes that are spreading distress, and poverty, and sorrow over the land, you would count up more than a 1,000,000 who directly or indirectly smart beneath the scourge of intemperance. Could you visit

the abodes which human laws, and individual charity have provided for the helpless poor, you would find more than six sevenths of their inmates are brought thither by intemperate drinking.—Go to our prisons, and inquire from cell to cell why its occupant is there, and four fifths will answer back **INTEMPERANCE! INTEMPERANCE!**

I need not say to this assembly, that these statements are not mere conjectures, but the results of a most careful examination. The data on which they are founded have been spread before the public, and need not be repeated here. But if there be still a shadow of doubt on any mind, of their correctness, you only need sit down and take almost any portion of the country, almost any town in which you know every man and woman, and ascertain the proportion between the temperate and the intemperate, and apply that proportion to our whole population, and you will not obtain a result more favorable than that which has been stated. Do the same with paupers, do the same with convicts, and every doubt will be removed. It is no welcome task to stand for the truth of such assertions. I would gladly find them false, and be the first to blot them from record; but whoever attempts to make them out a false and malicious libel, will be met at the threshold of his undertaking with stubborn facts. Premature old age will tell him they are true. Many a tattered dwelling, that feels all the blasts and the rains of heaven, would tell him they are true. The criminal box would tell him they are true. The prison house of the dead, could it speak, would tell him they are true. Children who know no parents' care, would tell him they are true. Woman's love, unwithering even in the mids of hopelessness, would reluctantly admit them true. And though I would only whisper the dreadful fact, many a husband's broken heart and blasted hopes, in the resting place of his weariness, would testify to their truth.

It is but recently that the public attention has been directed to the extent and magnitude of this evil. Since it has been, the results of inquiry have astonished and alarmed every well wisher to his own, and to his neighbor's, and his country's good. But after the most vivid descriptions which have been given of the extent of the evil, and of the length and breadth and depth of the want

and sorrow and crime, which flow from this prolific source of every thing that is opposed to human virtue and human happiness, the half has not been, and cannot be told. There lies beyond all that human eye can see, or human tongue can tell, an unutterable amount of woe, known only to the hearts which feel it; and there is woe too, which, though the grave may hide it from our sight, will measure on its duration forever. Now, that the true state of the case is more distinctly before us, we wonder that the evil had not sooner arrested general attention, and called forth more effectual efforts to stay its progress. But the groundless idea was for ages almost universally prevalent that the moderate use of ardent spirits was salutary, and often necessary—and that the occasional abuse of so useful an article must be borne with, as an evil to which every good is liable. So long as such a sentiment prevailed, the evil rapidly increased, gathering power like a falling body, in the quadrate ratio of the time. At first it might seem a little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, and of no very portentous omen. It was long accumulating, and gathering blackness, till it hung with threatening, darkening aspect over our land. Already its pent up energies began to mutter pealing notes of warning, and the bolts of its fury began to pass swiftly among us. But while we were looking up almost in despair, and preparing to sink in the general ruin, a rainbow was arched on the wrathful cloud; ere the storm swept its desolating besom over the land, a discovery was made, more valuable than that, which can avert the lightning of heaven from our dwellings, which has divested the ill omened cloud of its most terrific features, and which will ere long settle it away below our horizon, and leave a sky, once curtained in sack-cloth, clear and cloudless.

Many thinking men, who saw the dangers of intemperance, and sought the good of their fellow men and of themselves, abandoned entirely the use of ardent spirit, and openly acted on the principle of entire abstinence. This plan, about four years ago, began with a few. The example was soon imitated by many—till at length a radical change in public opinion in regard to the use of ardent spirits may be rationally hoped for. The success which has attended efforts directed in this channel, de-

monstrate that it is the true remedy, which, if any, is to remove the desolating evil of inebriety from our land. A multitude of individuals have come forward in every part of the country ready to act promptly and decidedly on this principle. Men in every rank of life, and of every calling have united in the work. Associations in every part of the country, but more especially in New England, have been very generally formed for the *voluntary*—not the coercive promotion of temperance. Very few, if any attempts have been made unattended by a success, which has more than equalled the expectations of the most sanguine friends of the cause. For this purpose was formed in January last, the Cumberland County Temperance Society. It disclaims all connexion in any shape with ardent spirits. In view of the dangers to which we are exposed ourselves, without all the moral restraints we can throw around us, in view of the distress and ruin, which this drug of hell is bringing on those who take it to their lips, we dare not touch it, we dare not taste it, we dare not handle it. In pursuing this course, we are aware that we have to meet direct opposition from those who have made a perpetual league of amity with this enemy of man. Nor are we ignorant that we have to encounter the opinion of some, in the fact of associating ourselves formally for this purpose, whose opinions we oppose with reluctance, and whose feelings we would most sacredly regard. To such we would say, there are reasons which, in our opinion, justify and call for the course we pursue.

The principle on which our association is based is an entire abandonment of all connexion whatever with ardent spirits. This we believe to be the only course, that will be safe for ourselves, or do good to others. It is the only safe course for ourselves. Among all the 800,000 drunkards in the United States, there is not one, who was not made in the school of moderate dinkers. Not one of them set out with the intention, or even the suspicion, of becoming an inebriate; and where so many thousands have fallen, shall we all confidently calculate on standing? You might as well lie down to sleep where the tide has made its daily ebb and flow for six thousand years, with the confident expectation that it would not overflow you. It is not easy to know, till experience has

taught us, what power a little training, by moderate indulgence, may give to an appetite for ardent spirits. Every man who uses it at all, is on the same highway to ruin which every drunkard in our land has travelled before him. And if you will attempt to draw a line any where short of total abstinence, between temperate men and intemperate, you will find you have undertaken a task not less difficult, than to divide the darkness of night from the twilight of the morning. Often repeated indulgence may make the desire of ardent spirit so strong that no impediment can overcome it. It is related by Dr. Mussey, that, in a populous town in Massachusetts, a tippler who was put into an alms house, after various unsuccessful expedients to procure rum, at length went into the wood-yard, and laid one hand on a block, took an axe in the other and with a single blow severed the hand from the arm, and then running into the house, holding up the streaming stump, exclaimed, *get some rum*, my hand is cut off. In the confusion of the moment, a bowl of rum was brought, into which he plunged the bleeding member, and afterwards drank freely from the bowl, and exclaimed, *now I am satisfied!* This may be an extreme case, but there are many approximations towards it.

If, by putting the cup to our lips, we run the hazard of falling a victim, and of becoming lost to ourselves, to our families, and to society, and lost forever, we feel that some important advantages should also be rendered probable by touching that cup. But it is the united testimony of all in whose judgement we can confide and of those who are the most competent to judge, that the ordinary use of it is totally useless in all cases, and in most cases injurious.

Since the public mind has been roused on this subject, many experiments of fatigue and exposure, without artificial stimulants have been made—every one of which goes to confirm the doctrine, that more labour, more fatigue, more exposure in any shape, can be encountered without spirit than with it.

We lay it down as an established truth, that to use ardent spirits at all is dangerous. It is the primary school of all our drunkards.

We also lay it down as another established truth, that its ordinary use does no good. There is in our very or-

ganization a wise provision for supplying strength, equal to the demand for it, which entirely supersedes the artificial help, which man has attempted to devise. It requires no miracle, to fulfil in a physical sense, the assurance that, as your day is, so shall your strength be. Our physical frame speedily adapts itself to new circumstances, and acquires, of itself, by the very endurance, the power of enduring.

The plan of entire abstinence, the complete abandonment of all connexion with ardent spirits, is the only remedy which can cure the evil of intemperance. Various other expedients have been tried, but they have been tried in vain. The invention of man has been tasked to cure the disease by medicinal prescriptions. His invention has been tasked to no purpose, and needlessly too—for while drug after drug has been administered without effect, the simplest of all remedies has been overlooked—till slow and late it was found, that the fountains of the earth, and the clouds of heaven, pour out in profusion the only safe, the only certain remedy. Cold water is the best preventive, and the best cure for intemperance. Send the man who has long followed the cup—send him, even though he go with tottering step, and trembling hand, to the stream that leaps from the crystal rock of the mountain—there let him slake his thirst—and he will return with a firm step, and a steady hand. This medicine of nature, this elixir of life, works kindly with those who use it, and will renew the prostrated energies even of the long practised inebriate.

Coercive measures have also been tried to check the abuses of the grossly intemperate. But these have been, to say the least, of very limited utility. You may for a time shut up the drunkard in a poor-house or prison, and keep him sober; but while those whom we have courteously called temperate men, continue the habitual use of the same destroying drink—you no sooner set him at liberty, than he again resorts to his cups, with an appetite whetted up to its keenest edge, by his compulsory abstinence. "Physician heal thyself," stands in the way of his cure. Leviathan is not so tamed. "You might as well forbid the mountain pines to wave their tops, when the rude winds do blow," as thus to break the drunkard's spell.

Even should the peace of society sometimes require, as it doubtless does, that the inebriate should be deprived of his liberty ; it is always a painful alternative, and at the farthest, can extend to comparatively few of the victims of strong drink. In no case does it reach the cause. For while you take off one in this way, another is just behind to fill up his place. None will learn by any experience, except their own. Though the earth herself incarcerates beneath her own bosom, annually, her 30,000, yet, a new army, undaunted by the fate of those who have gone before, march up, and enter in at the same prison doors. And if every clod that covers them should speak out notes of warning, those who are coming on at a little distance, would think, forsooth, it could not mean them ; and those who are very near, deaf by their own infatuation, would have no ear to hear it.

It has been said, that persons intent on suicide, almost invariably find means to execute their purpose. The same is true of the most deliberate of all suicides—the drunkard. He does a little of his work every day, so little, that others scarcely perceive it, till the life-cord is cut.

But if you cannot drive the drunkard, you can sometimes win him. There is sometimes left, even in his indurated heart, a chord which will vibrate to a gentler touch. You can “point a better path, and lead the way.” Let men in all the walks of life, even in the most elevated, however safe they may feel themselves, although we hold that every man who tastes is in danger, yet let them look abroad on the desolations which intemperance has spread, and is spreading around them, and then, if by their example and influence, they can do any thing to restore these desolations, who would not do it ? Who would not, if not for himself, at least for others—bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh—who would not say, I will not touch, I will not taste ?

The friends of temperance feel that they have a very strong claim on the co operation of those who move in the higher spheres of life. They were first in the transgression ; and although they may not be the severest sufferers of the bitter consequences, they ought surely to be the first in the work of reformation.

Intemperate drinking is not a new thing under the sun. In the infancy of the world, men stooped and drank at the

living fountains. But they had not been long associated, before an intoxicating drink was discovered in the juice of the grape ; but intemperance did not spread its desolating influences through all the walks of life, till a cheaper article was furnished in distilled spirits. Among the Greeks and Romans, drunkenness was confined chiefly to the festivals furnished by the great and wealthy. The Spartan soldiers, the invincibles at Thermopylæ, were remarkable for their temperate habits. Soldiers more brave and more hardy than they, the world has never seen. The armies of the Romans, that conquered the world, drank vinegar diluted with water.

Yet, by those on whom we have the first claims for co-operation, objections are offered to efforts for the promotion of temperance. Said one man, whose station entitles his objection to a passing notice—I object to these needless and fanatical associations, not that I am an enemy to temperance ; but the future historian of our country will infer from them, that our nation is a nation of drunkards. This objection, if it have any weight, comes too late. An appellation to that effect, has already been fixed upon us from abroad ; an imported label has been fastened upon us—“ *A nation of drunkards*,” and it will adhere to us, unless we ourselves remove it. The objection, however, is without weight. The appellation is not deserved. Though drunkenness abounds in our country, it is not yet a national characteristic. You might as well infer, from an anti-duelling society, that we are a nation of duellists ; or from an anti-slavery society, that we are a nation of slave-dealers. The very fact of such associations proves that we are neither a nation of duellists, nor a nation of slave-dealers, nor a nation of drunkards. Duellists and slave-dealers would not form associations to frustrate their own purposes. Last of all, would the blinded victims of intemperance, form associations to promote temperance. Yet, unless the progress of intemperance is stayed, unless the flood that is sweeping over the land is in some way diverted or dried up, the time is not far distant, when the power and the disposition to roll it back will be lost and the faithful historian will not be led by mistake to register us as a nation of drunkards, but will

record the fact as a monument of truth, on the closing page of our history.

At the same place, and on the same occasion, an attempt was made to awaken prejudices against such societies, by associating them sneeringly, with missionary, and other fanatical and sectarian societies, as they were gratuitously called. While we profess ourselves ready to vindicate the benevolent Christian operations of the day,—did the place or occasion require it; yet this object is the last one in the world, which has any thing sectarian, or fanatical in it. If it is sectarian or fanatical for a man, or for an association of men, to use their influence to prevent and reform intemperance, then is it sectarian to love one's country. Then is it sectarian to love pure morality. Then is it sectarian to love and cherish the sweet fountains of domestic happiness,—for against the dearest interests of all these, does intemperance wage a warfare of destruction.

It is said again that this is a land of liberty. You must not restrain the freedom of men. Never was a word perverted more than that good word, *liberty*. Because our citizens are not chained to the car of a despot, but left to enjoy their possessions and persons in security, and to exercise the elective franchise, are they therefore discharged from all the restraints of conscience and reason, morality and religion? So they seem to think, who thus magnify the liberty we boast of. This mistaken use of a term is closely allied to another—to which anti-religionists have resorted, that because we have not a national religion, therefore religious principle must have no influence in the administration of our government, and that the laws of our land must pay no deference to the laws of God. But it should ever be remembered, that the civil freedom of our citizens, and the absence of a national religion, are but circumstances in our condition, and circumstances for which we would be grateful to the Giver of all good. These circumstances can never alter the eternal and immutable obligations of virtue and religion.

We grant to every man religious freedom. We grant to every man civil freedom, who has not forfeited it, by his crimes. But there are obligations among men, which grow out of the relations of man to man, and of man to

his Maker, from which all earthly power, and all human laws, cannot set them free. These are the laws we would enforce. When men associate themselves for the purposes of temperance, it no more deducts from their liberty, in the proper sense of that term, than it does to sit down together at a social repast, and observe while there, the laws of refined hospitality. You put no bolts and bars between a man's lips and the cup. There is no physical force, no coercive measure. It is a simple, free, voluntary act, done for his own good, and for the good of others. He acts in view of motives. He looks around him, and sees the victims of intemperance dying every year in such numbers, that if their bodies could be gathered into one valley of Hinnor, they would cover twenty roods of ground. He sees 300,000 more hastening to the same end. He sees this man import it, and that man make it, and that man deal it out, to help on the work of destruction. He sees poverty, sickness, woe, and crime, the constant companions and consequences of intemperance. He sees squandered for this article annually, nearly five times the amount of our public revenue, and sixty times the income of all the religious charitable Institutions of Europe and America. He calculates its abatement of the amount of human life. If he makes the reasonable supposition, that each suicide by intemperance, had he permitted himself to die a natural death, would have lived ten years longer, he finds, that in the course of ten years, it would be equivalent to the average life of 100,000 men : that if the productive industry of the ten years of life, which each victim has lost, were to be estimated at 100 dollars a year for each, it would in the same time amount to 300,000,000 dollars : that, if he distributes this amount of human life equally among the whole population of the United States, it would make the average life of the whole population about one year longer. He thinks that if thirty thousand of our citizens should annually, with their own hand, by a single thrust of the dagger, release the crimson current of life, the catastrophe would be indescribably dreadful ; but he perceives that the catastrophe is still more dreadful, when the same number terminate their earthly existence, in the same time, who, for a series of years, have been pulling down ;

inch by inch, the strong holds of life, till the last act of self-destruction is done. The former catastrophe may appal, and turn back the most daring of those who might be intent on doing the same—the latter, without alarming, lures on its thirty thousand more, to immolate themselves on the same altar.

He looks too at the demoralizing influence, which strong drink exerts on the votary of intemperance. He looks at the man who is a drunkard, in his relations and destinies, as a moral and accountable being, and finds him entrenched, as in a wall of adamant, against all the purifying and ennobling influences of the gospel of Christ. The story of the cross, which has moved and melted ten thousand other hearts, and transformed them into the image of God, has no power over him. His moral sensibilities, once quick and alive, to right and wrong, are motionless and dead. He hears not the thunders of Sinai, nor the still small voice of Calvary;—or if he hears them, he heeds them not. He is lost to society—lost to himself—lost forever! This is not a solitary case, but one of more than ten times ten thousand, scattered through every town and village in our fair and beautiful land. And shall we be told that private liberty is invaded, if we associate ourselves, and form, if we can, a bulwark against the farther encroachments of an invading enemy, which desolates every thing fair and lovely, that comes beneath its tread? If I give up my liberty, when I do this, then let me be a slave, that I may be free.

That much may be done by silent example, no one will deny. The enemy itself has been nurtured up in our very midst, by silent example. And sometimes associations have been formed to strengthen him; and such associations seem to have accomplished their work more effectually, than when the weight of individual influence alone has been lent to the cause of intemperance, as will appear from the following well authenticated statement:—

“There is no happiness in this world but in religion, temperance, and virtue. Of this,” remarked the narrator, “I am convinced; for I am now the only survivor of twelve individuals with whom I formerly associated. This company were in the habit of meeting often together for the purpose of drinking. They generally assembled in

some counting-room or loft, where their debaucheries were continued undisturbed for the greater part of the night. Among them was one older than the rest, who most frequently presided as director of the proceedings. This one would sometimes exclaim in the midst of their revellings, "Ah! boys, this rum will *sink* us into eternity." He was the first victim; for in one of those fits of delirium caused by drunkenness, he put weights into his pockets and walked off the dock into the river and disappeared. Yes, in reality *sunk* into eternity.

"Another of them would frequently exclaim, 'My brains are on fire; this rum will *burn up my brains*!' and the individual who related this to me, observed he had frequently poured water upon his head to give him relief. This second victim went into the country, and while there, was taken with one of those fits, too well known among the intemperate. In this situation he blew out his brains with a pistol, near a hay-loft. His brains were scattered upon the hay by the explosion, and the hay set on fire by the flash, when his brains were *literally burnt up*, according to his own words. Of the twelve, I am the only one now living. The eleven died by their own hands. Some swallowed poison; some hung themselves; and the last terminated his existence by cutting his throat not many months since; and while bleeding and expiring, he requested me to give him a glass of gin."

Now if associations to promote intemperance, (dreadful as the idea may be,) accomplish so much; I can hardly doubt, that temperance associations may also *superadd* to their private silent example, the combined influence of many. Individuals may secure themselves, and perhaps a few others. But we look further than this. Here is a mighty foe, marching triumphantly through the land.— Shall every man be content to keep his own castle, if the enemy happen to come that way?—or shall he hasten to the banner, and with others march in invincible phalanx, and with an irresistible onset, discomfit the enemy, and pursue him beyond his remotest lurking-place? Many of those whom we wish to save, are just in the jaws of the enemy, feeling secure as a man sunk in slumber, while his house is in flames around him. Would you whisper to that man and say, "Sir, your house is on fire, and

there is a probability that you may be burned up, if you don't get up and come out?" If you have your senses, you proclaim his danger in a note that he must hear. There are multitudes passing securely along in the various stages towards downright sottishness, who will never be reached by the mere example of others. But through the medium, which temperance associations furnish, let the true state of their case—the nature—the dangers—the evils of intemperance be placed distinctly before them, and in every case, where the lamp of reason has not ceased to *glimmer*—reason will approve the plan of reform; and not a very small number, as past experience proves, will be as ready to leap from this torrent of fire, as the man who is roused from sleep with his house in flames around him.

Since the true method of checking intemperance has been discovered, the success of efforts in the cause have exceeded all that was hoped for in so short a time. The usages of society are changed. Four years ago, the passengers in stage coaches must honour the bar at every halting-place. Now you may travel in them a thousand miles, and scarcely hear a glass of spirit called for. And he who does call for it, must awkwardly task his invention for some new apology: the old ones are all worn out.

Four years ago, and every friend you called upon, would take you to his side-board. Now, it is seldom done. Four years ago, every labourer must have his daily allowance. Now, by a very large number of this respectable class of men, it is not called for, nor even desired. Four years ago, every vessel, that cut the briny wave, must have its stores of ardent spirits. Now, hundreds of vessels, some of them on the longest and most arduous voyages our globe admits of, are sailed with no drink but tea and coffee, and materials for making beer. Four years ago, and almost every trader kept his "slop board." Now, the number who do this, is greatly diminished; and not a very small number have excluded the article entirely from their traffic. It is due in justice to the merchants of our country, to say that as large a proportion of them, as of any other class of men, have come up cheerfully to the work of radical reformation, although they are the only class of men,

whose pecuniary interests can be injuriously affected by the change which is coming to pass in society. Yet with a magnanimity and a generosity, to which no other agents in this work can lay any claim, many of them have promptly lent their example and influence to effect a change in society, which will compel those of them who were largely engaged in commerce with that article, to seek out new channels of business, and unquestionably in many cases, to make no inconsiderable sacrifices. They have done it cheerfully. As the good cause advances, principle will lead many more to do the same. And we hope the time not far distant, when principle and interest will both unite to exterminate the traffic from our land. Already the amount of ardent spirits bought, and sold, and consumed in New England, is reduced to one half what it was four years ago; and in other parts of the United States, to two thirds. The fountains of intemperance are beginning to fail, and many of the streams are dried up. Not a few of those, whom we have been accustomed to look upon as passed the point from which return is possible, have been brought back to sobriety, to industry and virtue. They have restored peace, plenty, and happiness, to their habitations.

If there are those here who still follow the inebriating cup—if there are here any sad victims of intemperance, who have made their homes the abode of want, and tears, and terror, who themselves tremble and reel and fall—whose very faces give signs of woe that all is lost—permit me to tell you, *all is not lost*. If you will only do as others have done—put forth one mighty, fearless effort, and dash forever the desolating bowl—hope will revive. The healing waters of Bethesda are all around you, with power to heal, not the first only who steppeth in, but all who will freely lave therein. Resort to this remedy, and the bounding pulse of life will leap again with youthful vigour to every limb. The imbecility of the drunkard will give place to the energy of the man. Even in some good degree, the deformities with which it has clothed your person, will be removed. The unnatural flush of your face will fade away to the bloom of health; and the swollen eye, that looks out stupidly from its place, will play smoothly in its socket, and beam forth again the emo-

tions of the soul. Sunshine will break in again on the gloom of your dwelling. The tears of a disconsolate wife will be dried up, and joyous greetings will meet you at your threshold. Your scanty board may again be spread with abundance, and peace and plenty may smile around you.

Some such results we have seen. Although we cannot hope to gain many such trophies among habitual drunkards—though doubtless most of them must live on a little time to fill up the measure of their iniquities, and then sink unwept, and unhonoured to the grave; yet if we can do any thing to prevent new accessions to the tribe of inebriates, we add not less to the amount of human happiness, than if we brought back the same number from intemperance to sobriety. So much do we value the pure fountains of domestic bliss, that if we can save a single family from the sorrows which no language can describe, and which no heart can conceive, but those which have felt them, we shall not think our labour lost. But we do believe, that not a single family, but thousands of families, will be saved, by means of temperance societies, from these unutterable sorrows. The case is fairly before you. Any one can judge which is the safer course—to abandon forever, or to drink on a little, and a little, as occasion or appetite may demand.

Are you a father or a mother? Have you children that you love?—children on whom you fondly hope to lean, when you shall totter down the vale of years? Do not be the instrument of blasting your own sustaining hopes! Let not your example tell your child that ardent spirits are necessary. Do not set him out in the path of intemperance. Do not break down the staff you hope to sustain your old age. With your best examples, and your best influence, your children are exposed to dangers enough from other sources; and after you have done all you can do, to save them from the gulf into which thousands, as much doted on as they, have fallen, they may still disappoint your hopes, and hasten down your tottering steps to the grave. But Oh, let not this thorn be planted in your dying pillow, that your own example has contributed to make but a drunkard of him, who should have

been the fairest monument you can leave of yourself, when you are dead!

Are you a young man—looking forward to years of happiness, of usefulness, and honour? See that you do not disappoint your own anticipations. What, with your present feelings, would tempt you to become that loathsome man, whom you have seen reel through your streets, or wallow in their mire? Think how he became what he is. Trust not to your strength of purpose. He once had as much as you. Then, as you would not be what he is ~~now~~, summon up the mightiest energies of your soul, and resolve never to tread one step in the path which has led him to remediless ruin.

Are you one of some happy domestic circle, into which the destroyer has not yet entered and marked his victim? Look around that little joyous band, and ask if there is a traitor there, who will let the murderer in? But if you ever dally with him at the gate, do not ask, like Judas, "Is it I?"

Have you *her*, whose sum of bliss is measured by her power of contributing to yours? Have you those smiling, blooming ones, who just can lisp their father's name?—Look on her—look on them. And into this hallowed scene, into which even the sin of paradise has scarcely dared to enter, let not the fiery pollution come.—Look on her—look on them! And if they cannot stay you, nought can, which I can say.

Whatever may be your condition, whatever your relations in life—the busy hand of time is at work, to take down your tenement of clay, and to sever every earthly tie. If left to do its work alone, it will soon enough lay your head in the dust. Do not bring in to its aid this foe of life, this king of death.

TEMPERANCE ANECDOTES.

In Dover, N. H., a nephew of mine, about ten years old, was sent to a store by his mother with a small bottle to procure a pint of N. E. rum for some other purpose than to be drunk. He carried the bottle concealed, and after lingering about the store a considerable time, returned with the bottle empty. After being gently reprov'd by his mother, he was sent again on the same errand, and after half an hour, returned again with the bottle still empty. The mother, not suspecting the cause of these repeated failures, chided her son. The dutiful boy, for such he has always been, said, mother, I will do any thing else for you, but I cannot ask for rum; I am ashamed to ask for rum. The boy was excused; and the rum procured in some other way. It appeared on inquiry, that the lad could not summon up courage enough to bear the reproach which public opinion is beginning to fasten on the purchase of this odious article.

LOOK BOTH SIDES OF THE FENCE. Equally in point to show both the change and the power of public opinion in regard to the use of ardent spirit, is the following fact. A teamster in Portland a few days since was seen to go behind a high fence back of a block of stores, where in a cowering posture, evidently thinking himself unobserved, he drew a "pistol" from his pocket and discharged it down his throat; then assuming the posture of a biped, he strutted out into the street and in a manly voice said to those under his command "*A back bowline*" and moved on, little thinking that the man who relates this, observed it while sitting in his counting room.

A DRUNKARD REFORMED. A man, well known by the writer, who had been an habitual inebriate for twenty years, and was on the very verge of casting himself and family on the town for support, offered himself as a member of a temperance society, about four years ago. He was so notorious a drunkard that he was rejected, till after a trial of three months. He passed his probation successfully, and was admitted. He has continued a good member to this day. He became industrious as a me-

chamic, and in the course of a year, built a small house. Not fully aware of the great change which had taken place in the town to which he belonged, he procured, according to ancient usage, a quantity of rum and invited the neighbours to the raising. None appeared. He inquired of a friend what he should do. "Carry away that rum," was the reply "and your frame shall be up in two hours." He carried it away, and in two hours the ridgepole was in its resting place. In the same town, which carries on an extensive lumbering business, the severest labour is now very generally performed without the aid of spirit, and every experiment has gone to confirm the principle, that men can do more without it than with it. I have known men in March, work in the water from morning to night with no other drink, than that which flows pure and free from nature's fountains. "Go thou and do likewise."

A member of the congregational church in the town of ———, having a large barn to raise, felt very desirous of raising the frame without the use of *rum*; but as no building had then been raised without it, he concluded after considerable struggle in his own mind to furnish rum.—He did. Many people came; but they did not raise the frame the first day. Early on the next morning, his house was thronged with those who came to finish the raising. Among whom were those who wanted the morning dram. They took it—and repeated it. Meanwhile they became very noisy, and troublesome—which confusion increased. At length the hour of family prayer arrived, in which the good man of the house wished to commend himself and family to his God as aforetime. This however, by the noise and confusion of the rum drinking raisers, was effectually prevented. What was the result? It was this—Well said the good man—if it has come to this, that rum has turned *prayer* out of my house, I will turn rum out of it. He did. And it has not entered it since. During the hay seasons for two years, he has had no rum. During the last winter with five men in his employ in the lumbering business, he has had no rum; while he has attended prayers daily in his camp.—*Mirror*.

The following remarks are taken from the recent annual report of the Connecticut State Temperance Society—

The case of drunkards is no longer hopeless. Formerly a reformed drunkard was a very rare spectacle. If a wretched inebriate awoke to a sense of his miseries, yet the universal custom of drinking, rendered it impossible for him to stand on the principle of entire abstinence, the only principle where he could stand for a day.

On this unhappy class of your fellow beings it was apprehended by not a few, that the operation of your society would have an evil influence;—driving them to desperate measures for the gratification of appetite, or to terminate their life. They have heard of but one such instance;—a man who committed suicide in a drunken, raving fit; because the second quart of spirits promised him on that day, was hid from him. In general this class of persons look upon the efforts of your society with a friendly, grateful eye. They seem to have a deep sense of their miseries, and to consider that you design their good; and often when pressed upon the subject, assent to your principle of entire abstinence, as the only one which can rescue them from the drunkard's grave.

Your committee have heard of one or two reformed men in every town, from which they have received information. In some towns as many as 10 to 15, who were habitual inebriates, have adopted the principle of entire abstinence. They have good reason, therefore, to believe that at least 200 in the State, who were common drunkards, are thus far, reformed men; while several hundreds and perhaps thousands, who were fast sailing round the whirlpool of destruction, have been assisted in breaking from the charm, and are now pursuing a strictly temperate, safe and happy course. Some cases of reform which have come to their knowledge have been of a very interesting character. A man in Middlesex Co., who had been for years a sot, has been reclaimed at 66 years of age; and become a hopeful subject of divine grace; and he now often exclaims, 'O if this Temperance reform had commenced 20 years ago, I should now have been a man of respectability and property.' Another

er, a professor of religion, who through the love of intoxicating liquor had brought much disgrace upon the cause of Christ, and whom private admonition and solemn warning had failed to reclaim, has been affected by this general change in the fashions of this community, has adopted the principle of abstinence, made a public confession of his sins, and is again a valuable member of the Church. The attachment of these men, snatched from ruin, is strong to your cause; and the gratitude and happiness of their families is a full support against the obloquy and reproach cast by its foes.

NOTICE TO THE FRIENDS OF TEMPERANCE.

Any gentlemen in Maine, into whose hands this tract may fall, who may have it in their power to communicate well authenticated facts indicating the progress of temperance, and the usefulness of temperance societies, will confer a favour by communicating them, with a responsible name to the Corresponding Secretary of the Cumberland County Temperance Society. Letters may be addressed to Solomon Adams, Portland. When sent by private conveyance, they may be left at his house in Federal Street, near the Stage Office, or in care of Shirley, Hyde & Co. Exchange Street.

